

Épicerie Tropical

It was night when the ship sunk, sort of like the Titanic in size and wonder but also pretty weak in terms of foolish construction when crossing a well-known mega-deep tropical sea far too dense for anything but Jim Cameron in a torpedo, I guess, but down I went, nude, into the dark damned cold water and dropping like a torpedo myself, not understanding the extreme gravity out of nowhere seeming to tractor beam weary anatomy down down down until I somehow, some way plopped into a metal-lined hole and started a trip like a thing you'd send in a bank drive-thru to deposit a check from the landlord (or lady) while on the way to get money for clove cigarettes, yes a pneumatic tube kinda whacky world I was sloshing right now that shot me into the curvy gleam like a water park pipe we all saw when kids...so yeah I could breathe again for sure, and no issues at all from pressure, though my head kinda hurt as the trip got faster and suddenly shot me into a place that was dark and abandoned but clearly something used often with lots of good shelved food like a big department store in a way, none of it harmed from the hole that popped me in here because the hole was gone and it left only a couple buckets of water on a fabulous floor, along with me, and I saw immediate liquid reflections of a sign across the inventoried room parallel to a posted LCD-type purple glow clock which read 2:37 AM while sitting next to a smart-designed large banner reading "La Grande Épicerie de Paris" and lit in a way that reminded me of eggs frying, for some reason, so I decided to just try and walk out of the totally closed store and somehow get back to the place I was headed...but after I *definitely* downed a seaweed bread sandwich with gravadlax salmon, right here on the store rack, yum.

End.